

LATTER DAY SAINTS SOUTHERN STAR

"BUT THOUGH WE OR AN ANGEL FROM HEAVEN, PREACH ANY OTHER GOSPEL UNTO YOU THAN THAT WHICH WE HAVE PREACHED UNTO YOU, LET HIM BE ACCURSED." GAL. 1:8, 9.

VOL. 1.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1899.

No. 8.

NAY, SPEAK NO ILL.

From Deseret Sunday School Hymn Book.

Nay, speak no ill, a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And O, to breathe each tale we've heard,
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus, the kinder plan,
For, if but little good is known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's faults efface:
How can it please the human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No, let us reach a higher mood—
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be
To others' failings as your own.
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then, O, the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

History of the Southern States Mission.

The Martyrdom of Joseph Standing.

By Elder John Nicholson.

In 1879, Rudger Clawson was called to go on a preaching mission to the Southern States, and proceeded to his field in the early part of that year. He labored in the State of Georgia, associated with Elder Joseph Standing. Before he reached that part of the country the latter had accomplished a good work in Whitfield County; particularly in the neighborhood of Varnell's Station, where he had succeeded in raising up a branch of the Church.

A short time before he was murdered, Brother Standing had a dream which made a powerful impression upon his mind, and caused him to have forebodings of approaching trouble. He told it to Rudger, and several times subsequently to other persons in his presence. It was about as follows, as near as his precise language can be recollected:

"I thought I went to Varnell's Station, when suddenly clouds of intense blackness gathered overhead and all around me. I visited a family who were connected with the Church. The moment I entered their house the most extreme consternation seized them, and they made it clear beyond any possibility of doubt that my presence was objectionable. They appeared to be influenced by a sense of

great fearfulness. There was no clearing away of the clouds nor abatement of the restlessness of the people, when I suddenly awoke, without my being shown the end of the trouble."

In the meantime a conference was appointed to be held in Rome, Georgia, and Elders Standing and Clawson received an invitation to be present and participate in the proceedings. They accordingly set out on a journey to that point. Standing decided that a call should be made, on the way, at Varnell's Station,



ELDER JOSEPH STANDING.

Murdered Sunday, July 21st, 1879, Near Varnell's Station, Ga.

that they might visit some of the Saints, most of whom were new members of the Church. They reached that place on the evening of Saturday, July 20th, and proceeded to the residence of J—. As soon as they got to the house the inmates seemed to be in a state of great excitement. They said that threats had been made against the brethren, and the feeling toward them in the neighborhood was

bitter and murderous. They declined to allow them to stop over night, because if anything happened they would have to share the trouble.

This reception chilled the feelings of the Elders, and Rudger said to himself involuntarily: "This is the fulfillment of Joseph's dream."

"What shall we do?" said the missionaries. "It is now 9 o'clock, and getting quite dark. Can you tell us of a place where we can find shelter?"

"Yes," said J—, "you can go to Holston's, a mile and a half further on. He will doubtless entertain you."

There being no alternative, the two travelers left the house of the J—'s and set out for that of Henry Holston, who was not a member of the Church, but had shown a very friendly disposition toward the Elders. They trudged through the thickly wooded country, about one half of the way in pitchy darkness.

On reaching the Holston place, they discovered that the family had retired. In response to a knock, the voice of the proprietor was soon heard, saying, "Who is there?"

"Standing and Clawson," was the reply.

"Well?" said Mr. Holston, in that peculiar intonation that gave the impression that he was slightly hesitating about extending his hospitality.

The situation was briefly explained, the relation winding up with—"We would like the privilege of stopping over night."

The door instantly opened, and Mr. Holston said, with that cordiality for which he was noted, "Come in."

After the brethren entered he was very kind. He explained to them, however, that there was danger in the air. Threats of mobbing, whipping and even killing the Elders had been freely made, and he expected to get into trouble on account of entertaining them. He said, however, that he would take his chances on that head and would defend them so long as they were under his roof.

When the guests entered the room assigned them, Standing appeared pale, anxious and determined. It is not known whether his dream had occurred to him on account of the situation, as no expression from him denoted that such was the case. It was evident, however, that

he was impressed with a premonition of approaching danger. He had always felt an intense horror of being whipped and more than once had declared that he would rather die than be subjected to such an indignity. Notwithstanding that he appeared to be deeply impressed with a sense of the near presence of danger, he was naturally a courageous young man.

He carefully examined the windows and securely fastened them. He then got hold of an iron bar, which he placed in such a position as to be within easy reach of his hand, in case of necessity.

"What is the meaning of these precautions?" said Rudger.

"I expect the mob tonight, and I want to be ready to receive them," was the resolute response.

"I don't think we will be disturbed," said the imperturbable Rudger, who forthwith fell into a sound slumber, from which he did not awake till broad daylight.

Next morning was the Sabbath, and the weather was clear and beautiful, all nature appearing to rest in peaceful serenity. The two Elders set out to go to the house at which they were received with such meagre hospitality the night previous, for the purpose of getting their satchels, etc., and bringing them on to Mr. Holston's place. They found the J——'s still fearful because of the bitter feeling they knew existed in the neighborhood toward the brethren, and the stay of the latter was brief.

The road between J——'s and Holston's was densely wooded on both sides. On the way back to the residence of the latter, turning a bend the two young missionaries suddenly came in full view of a posse of twelve men. Some were mounted, the remainder were afoot and all were armed. As soon as they caught sight of the Elders they set up, unitedly, the most demoniacal yells of exultation, and came rushing toward them like a pack of hungry wolves who had discovered the prey they were about to tear to pieces and devour.

The feelings that were inspired in Joseph Standing at this appalling spectacle can only be judged by his appearance. His face was pale as death, his features rigid, while his eye betokened the intensity of the subdued excitement under which he labored.

The sensations that passed through Rudger's mind and frame were entirely new to him, as he was now facing a danger that had no parallel in any former incident of his life, which he thought he was about to be compelled to surrender.

The names of those who composed this blood-thirsty band of murderous ruffians, whose cruel and dastardly deed will cause them to be branded with eternal infamy, are:

David D. Nations, Jasper N. Nations, A. S. Smith, David Smith, Benjamin Clark, William Nations, Andrew Bradley, James Faucett, Hugh Blair, Jos. Nations, Jefferson Hunter and Mack McLure.

The expressions upon the faces of those fiends incarnate were in unison with the vengeful sounds which had just escaped from their throats. They were laboring under the excitement of passion to such an extent that their frames shook and some of them foamed at the mouth.

As soon as they came up Joseph Standing, in a clear voice, loud enough to be heard by all of them, said:

"Gentlemen: By what authority are we thus molested upon the public highway? If you have a warrant of arrest or any other legal process to serve upon us, we would like to examine it, that we may be satisfied as to your authority to interfere with our movements."

"We'll show you by what authority we act," one of them shouted.

One of the mounted mobbers then jumped from his horse and approached Rudger with a cocked revolver. He flourished this weapon, whirling it menacingly in the face of the young man, who looked down the muzzle of an implement of that character for the first time. It is perhaps needless to state that it looked exceedingly formidable to him. His threatening antics with the most foul The murderous fellow who performed this part of the programme accompanied and blasphemous abuse, while his companions were moving around and indulging in vile and profane cursings. The excitement of Bradley—a large and powerful man—was singularly noticeable. He was on horseback and was holding a double barreled shotgun in front of him, across his animal, with both hands. He shook so that the weapon bobbed about as if he were about to drop it.

"Come with us," was the command from the mob.

The singular procession then started back in the same direction from which the Elders had come.

Standing appeared to be laboring under a terrible strain. His face continued overspread with a deathly pallor; he walked rapidly, and with his figure erect as an arrow. He moved so quickly that he kept pace with the front line of the mobbers, with whom he constantly reasoned and expostulated. "It is not our intention," said he, "to remain in this part of the State. If we had been unmolested we would have been away in a very short time. We use no inducements to persuade people to join our Church. We preach what we understand to be the truth and leave people to embrace it or not, as they may choose," etc.

Such expostulations had not the slightest effect in mollifying the lawless band, but rather exasperated them all the more. Indeed it was not what the missionaries might do for which these base fellows had resolved to punish them, but for what had already been done, some of the best and most respected people in that section having embraced the gospel through Elder Standing's ministrations. They said: "The government of the United States is against you, and there is no law in Georgia for Mormons."

Rudger manifested no hurry in accompanying the gang. His overwhelming sentiment on that subject was one of reluctance. He could see no developments ahead but those of a most appalling character, and he was the reverse of anxious to hasten their consummation. He expected he was going to his death, and he had no desire to meet the grim monster any sooner than might be compulsory. He walked rather slowly, in order that he might not get too far ahead of his inclinations.

One of the ruffians, becoming exasperated at his tendency to lag, came up

behind and struck him a terrible blow on the back of the head. Being stunned for the moment, Rudger reeled and fell forward, saving his body from the full shock of the fall by extending his hands. Recovering speedily, he was on his feet in an instant, his heart fired with consuming rage. He turned for the purpose of identifying his cowardly assailant, and found him to be a young man—probably the most youthful person of the party. Rudger knew that to resent the brutal outrage would be certain and almost instant death. He looked at him, however, in such a manner as to convey all the contempt that could be indicated by facial expression.

This seemed to enrage the wretch almost as much as if he had received "blow for blow." Shortly after the helpless victim of his attack had resumed the melancholy line of march, the fellow assaulted him again. He raised a heavy club and was about to bring it down upon Rudger's head with all the force he was capable of using, when another member of the band seized his arm and told him to desist.

On proceeding a short distance further the party beheld a spectacle that, notwithstanding the serious character of the situation, caused some to show that they sensed its ludicrousness, by an involuntary smile. They came suddenly upon an old man, apparently about sixty years of age, mounted upon an alleged horse.

The name of this person was Jonathan Owensby. He was ponderous, even to hugeness, but not from excess of adipose. He was tall, raw-boned, loose-jointed and sinewy. As he sat, or rather hung upon his horse, he reminded one of a bundle of knotty slabs. His face and head were large, and his complexion bordered upon the hue of tanned leather, the skin having a harmonious appearance of similitude. The features were large, projecting and craggy, the forehead receding with marked abruptness, leaving a jutting ledge, on the lower part, covered with a thick growth of shaggy hair, in the form of eye-brows, from under which peered a pair of poorly matched grey eyes. While the right optic gazed at you steadfastly the other seemed to be "taking in" the landscape on the left.

The animal upon which this peculiar person rode completed the picture. It looked as if nature had begun the work of making a horse and abandoned the job after having put the frame together.

Notwithstanding the forbidding character of Jonathan Owensby's personal appearance, his reputation for truthfulness and general honesty was second to none in the section of the country where he resided. A circumstance connected with the tragedy, the particulars leading to which are now being related, bore out the correctness of the estimate popularly placed upon the good man's character.

Addressing Jonathan, one of the mobbers said: "Is there anything the matter with your horse? If there is, these men are Elders of 'Mormon' Church, and will heal it by the laying on of hands."

"I don't think there is anything the matter with him," said the old man, as he smiled grimly and passed on his way.

The party at this juncture turned out of the main road and went deeper into the woods. They had scarcely more than taken this change of route when they met

a young girl named Mary Hamlin. It subsequently transpired that she and her mother, who were friendly to the Elders, had seen the mob and feared greatly that they might meet the brethren and kill them. At the suggestion of Mrs. Hamlin, her daughter set out to intercept the missionaries, put them on their guard and enable them to evade the mobbers. She was just a little too late, but it was no fault of this heroic girl, who had traveled with all the speed she could command.

When she comprehended the situation her face assumed a bleached whiteness.

A terrible fear, combined with a determined resolution seized upon Rudger. Doubtless the mind of Brother Standing was similarly exercised. Knowing the unscrupulous characters of those who held the Elders in custody, an idea shot through his mind that they might commit an outrage upon the girl. In that event any attempt to prevent them consummating such a purpose would be certain death to himself and companion, yet he resolved to make it. Unarmed and helpless as he was, he purposed selling his life as dearly as possible, if need be, in defending this innocent young woman.

One of the men said: "You see we have got your brethren. As soon as we dispose of their case we purpose attending to you."

"The Lord is with them and my prayers are forever for them," replied Mary, the tones of her voice evincing deep emotion. She then went on her way.

At this juncture three of the members of the party who were on horseback left the main body and made a detour, probably to reconnoitre or to get others to join them in their villainous work.

The remainder, in charge of the two intended victims of their satanic hate, proceeded a short distance further, when they reached a lovely spot—a spring of clear water, overshadowed by a huge, outspreading tree. Here a halt was made and the party seated themselves around the mirror-like pool.

From the time the Elders were captured by the mob, Standing seemed to be affected with a burning thirst, probably occasioned by the suppressed excitement under which he was laboring. On the way he several times appealed to his captors for water, and now an opportunity was presented for the first time for him to obtain it.

One of the men, pointing to the spring, told him to drink.

The young man was furthest from the pool and in order to reach it would have to pass close to several of the mobbers, and while reclining to reach the water would be an easy prey to any of the blood-thirsty crew who might take advantage of his prone position to do him violence. This probability appeared to flash across his mind, and he said: "I don't wish to drink now."

The man who told him to slake his thirst evidently divined what was passing through his mind, and said: "You needn't be afraid; you can drink, as we will not hurt you while you do so."

Standing went to the spring and took a copious draught. He was still very pale, his features rigid, and overspread with an expression of deep anxiety.

After he had returned to his place, James Faucett, aged about sixty years, and who was seated upon a horse, ad-

ressing the Elders, delivered himself as follows:

"I want you men to understand that I am the captain of this party, and that if we ever again find you in this part of the country we will hang you by the neck like dogs."

A general desultory conversation ensued, in the course of which the vilest accusations were laid against the "Mormons," the beastly talk of the mobbers merely serving to show the depravity and corruption of their own hearts. They betrayed a deep-seated hatred of Elder John Morgan. They were desirous of ascertaining his whereabouts from the Elders, and appeared disappointed on learning from them that he was at that time in Utah.

The space of about one hour was consumed in this way, when the three horsemen who had left the party came in sight. As they rode up, one of them exclaimed: "Follow us."

At this time Joseph Standing was sitting with his back toward the horsemen, but no sooner had the command embodied in the two words quoted been uttered than he leaped to his feet with a bound, instantly wheeled so as to face them, brought his two hands together with a sudden slap, and shouted in a loud, clear, resolute voice—"Surrender."

A man seated close to him pointed his pistol at him and fired. Young Standing whirled or spun three times round upon his feet, fell heavily forward upon the ground, turned once over, bringing him face upward, and spread his arms widely out, his form being in such a position as to be in the shape of a cross.

As if moved by one impulse all those who had been seated upon the ground arose to their feet. Suddenly a member of the party, pointing to Rudger, said to his companions, in an authoritative tone—"Shoot that man."

In an instant every weapon was turned upon the defenseless young missionary, who felt that his last moments on earth had come and that in a few seconds he would be launched into eternity. He fully realized the situation, his feelings being intensified by the expectation that a bullet was about to crash through his brain, the very idea of which had always been to him most horrible.

The murderous wretches paused a moment with their weapons leveled upon their proposed victim, who folded his arms—showing an outward calmness at the most extreme variance with his inward feelings—and said with apparent deliberation: "Shoot."

The suspense of a lifetime seemed to be thrown into the next few seconds. A whirling sensation passed over his brain and then all was dark. This condition was but momentary, and when he recovered the position was unaltered—the murderous ruffians still stood with their guns and pistols pointed at him. The man who had directed that the young Elder be murdered, suddenly changed his mind and countermanded the first order by shouting "Don't shoot."

The men at once lowered their arms. They then appeared to sense the horrible character of the deed that had been committed. As soon as it flashed fully upon them, they were seized with sudden consternation and instinctively rushed to-

gether in a compact group, as if seeking mutual protection from each other, from the probable consequences of the bloody act.

(To be continued.)

JOTS AND TITLES.

A happy family is but an earlier heaven.—Bowring.

Elders L. J. Willis, who returned home for surgical attention recently, has recovered sufficiently to accept a mission in the interest of the M. I. A. work for the Garfield Stake of Zion.

Elders W. S. Greenwood and A. F. Anderson lately released to return home, have been called to a home mission in the M. I. A. missionary corps. They were laboring in the Middle Tennessee conference.

Logan Journal.

Elder Nathan Thomas, a son of Judge W. N. Thomas, returned home Sunday from a two and a half years' mission in the east. He spent the greater part of this time in the state of Maryland.

Florida Philosopher.

Four elders of the Latter Day Saints held meetings on the steamer Eulalia at her wharf at Palatka, Saturday night and Sunday—four meetings in all—one Saturday night, and three on Sunday. Captain Lucas gave them the use of the boat free of charge.

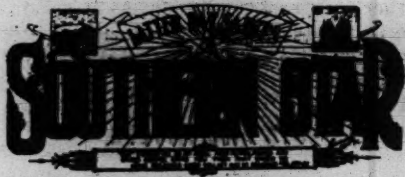
If any of our readers have extra copies of the Star for Number 3 and Number 4 they will oblige by sending them in. The indications point to an extra heavy demand for back numbers, and it has been found that the stock is low on these two numbers.

A religious paper took a vote of its readers as to which were the best hymns that are sung in the churches. "Rock of Ages" received the highest number of votes—3,215. Only three other hymns had more than 3,000 votes. They were: "Abide with Me," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Just as I Am." These popular hymns should not be neglected in any Christian church.

Sister William Thompson, of Argillite, Greenup county, Ky., passed away from this world of toil and care on Dec. 2, 1898. She was a loving wife and a kind mother, leaving a husband and several children to mourn the loss. She was a friend of truth, loved by all, and a firm Latter Day Saint.

Her husband telegraphed to the Elders to conduct the funeral services, but they did not receive the message in time.

The Star is reminded by the Provo Enquirer that we had omitted the name of the author of "Utah and the Mormons." They tell us it was written by the late Henry Maiben. We were unable to find who was the author and now take pleasure in crediting his name, especially when it is known to be from the pen of the father of one of our Southern States missionaries, Elders Henry J. Maiben, of Provo. He labored in Mississippi until April 3, 1894, and at the time of his release was the president of the North Alabama conference.



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SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1890.

ARTICLES OF FAITH OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

1. We believe in God the Eternal Father, and in His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.
2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.
3. We believe that, through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.
4. We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, Laying on of Hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.
5. We believe that a man must be called of God, by "prophecy, and by the laying on of hands," by those who are in authority, to preach the gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.
6. We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church—namely, Apostles, Prophets, Pastors, Teachers, Evangelists, etc.
7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.
8. We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.
9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.
10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this (the American) continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisaical glory.
11. We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.
12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates; in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.
13. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things, we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."—JOSEPH SMITH.

The old Sunday school veteran, Elder George Goddard, has passed to the great beyond; he died shortly after midnight of Jan. 12, 1890, and was buried on Sunday, 15th. The services were held in the Tabernacle amid impressive auspices. The immediate cause of his demise was lagrippe, but he, being over 83 years old, no doubt this had somewhat to do with it. Elder Goddard was born at Leicester, England, December 7th, 1815, and was, therefore, 83 years old at the time of his death. He has been prominently identified with the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and his death will cause general mourning, especially in Sunday school circles where he was so prominently identified.

A CHANGED MAN

THAT which constitutes a real change in life is a question worthy of deep consideration. Many a fond mother, proud father, or doting wife, has felt that when our John comes home from a mission with an honorable release in his possession that he is now freely absolved from further church or ecclesiastical duties, in this idea the Elder often joins. Perchance before his call his interest in religious matters has been of a very meagre order, but, by the aid of the Lord and his own will power, he has made a mark in the mission as an exceptionally bright "logician"; has made friends by the score wherever he labored; peradventure he has officiated in more baptisms and other ordinances than usually fall to the lot of the average missionary; and yet, when he gets home he permits his record to fade way into misty echoes of his former missionary efforts. Now the question is, has he changed? If he relegates the knowledge gained in the mission field to some musty cupboard has he really changed?

Where much is gained, much is expected. If the Lord shall give us talents, we have no right to bury them, and when we return to Zion the proud possessor of double, the number of talents we started out with the Lord expects labors in proportion. Moreover, unless we do so, there is no change in us. We are no better than before we went out.

As we view the matter the time to look for a change is when the Elder returns from his mission; gets involved in home interests, business complications, social environments, and still devotes a goodly portion of his time to religious duties? If he does not do so there he is little if any better than he was before. One does not look for the change in a child while attending school. Here is where the foundation is laid for the transition from ignorance to knowledge that we hope to have wrought in the child's life by study and instructions given by the teacher; with his education thoroughly mastered he is ready to give battle to the world. Here then is where the change really takes place—the child is on the great crossway of life. Will he take the path that leads to a higher life or will he take the old unprogressive one that means retrogression. Here is where the real change in his life takes place. So with an Elder; the mission is one of the best schools that it is possible to attend and when our Elders return home from a successful mission, the cross roads of eternal life are before them. Shall you take the old one you formerly trod or the one that leads to the presence of God Himself? At the time Apostle F. M. Lyman and Mathias F. Cowley were visiting the Elders of the Southern States mission, and the conference was held in which the writer

was a listener, Apostle Lyman made a very significant suggestion, it was: Brethren, when you go home call on your bishop and tell him to buckle down the harness to a close fit, that you will always be willing to do anything he requires of you from cleaning lamp chimneys in the meeting house to that of the duties of his right hand man. Then you will be a live coal in the midst, instead of like a burnt-out cinder." He dwelt at some length on the course of life many of our Elders pursue when they return home, particularly those who fell back into the same careless ruts that were so conspicuously manifest before they left home.

We urge our Elders to profit by the glorious experiences they gain in the mission field and give the saints at home, (especially those who may become ambassadors of Christ to the world), a chance to know something of the vast field of unexplored information that is in store for them.

President Kimball often used a rather quaint, but to the point expression when talking on this subject. He would say: "When you return home don't run down at the heels." He was cognizant of this proneness on the part of many returned Elders to relapse into absolute idleness, or at least carelessness, and it grieved him very much to see it. Now brethren, particularly you who return home soon, cannot all join in and cause the observant apostles, bishops and other leaders of the church to say with earnest unanimity "these Elders from the Southern States mission are the very best material we have for securing men to fill responsible positions; they are always ready to do what we ask of them; they carry with them a spirit of their calling." Let us all strive to cause the people at home to say with sincere earnestness what a "change for the better;" let us prove not only to our relatives and friends at home but to the world that we are just what we appear to be "honest seekers after righteousness, and earnest teachers of the great plan of salvation. Let our fruits be such that no question can find lodgment in our own minds nor those of our friends, but that a change is made in our personality, if you please. Let not a lingering thought or suggestion arise that there is any hypocrisy or veneer hiding our true dispositions, but that we have truly joined the band of zealous workers in God's cause.

If we shall carry the same devoted effort after returning, that we secured before leaving all that is near and dear for the gospel's sake, we then may feel that we are doing our best and that the "change is for the better." We will be in the frame of mind that the Saviour sought to create when he says "And everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother,

or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake shall receive an hundred fold and shall inherit everlasting life." The gospel is worth nothing if not worth laying all we have on the altar of sacrifice, from the time we first are honored by the gift of the Holy Ghost and later with the Priesthood until we shall be lain down in an honored grave, and have the welcome greeting from on high: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," and also as Paul says: "It is finished; I have kept the faith."

The Deseret News has come out under the new regime much improved in typographical appearance and Editor Penrose's ability will insure its editorial harmony with the improved appearance.

The report from Kentucky conference last week gave them credit for only twenty-nine meetings, which should have read eighty-nine. President Woolley thinks the record much too low even when corrected, to say nothing of slicing them down to twenty-nine.

Elder Melvin J. Ballard, a recently returned missionary, is to debate with an alleged "Elder" of the Josephite persuasion, the subject in hand is: who has the true title to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The only question with us is why discuss so trivial a subject.

We desire our Elders or friends to request publishers of news or religious papers to send a copy of their papers when they make any reference to the people or doctrines espoused by our Elders, or if they decline, then secure a copy or clipping and send it in; if the latter mark paper and date of issue plainly.

With this issue we begin the publication of the story of the martyrdom of Elder Joseph Standing as told by his companion, Elder Rudger Clawson. The author of the article, Elder John Nicholson, well known for his ability—as a writer of subjects in an interesting and truthful manner. We trust our readers will enjoy its perusal. It will form part of the history of the Southern States mission.

In answer to a question from one of the Elders as to their home papers; they all are advised that a paper is sent each week to the addresses as they have been furnished this office. Those who sent in their addresses before no. 6 Star all back numbers were sent—thus completing the volume—but since No. 6, only the current number have been sent home. If there are any who desire back numbers please advise by postal card.

Last week we failed to notice a typographical error in the Mission History, wherein it stated that Elders Barnett and Cowley came into the field "1898;" it should have read 1878.

Patriarch Evans Felicitates.

Springville, Utah County, Utah.

R. Lovell Mendenhall:

My Dear Brother:—I have pleasure in writing you a line from home, but so far as local news is concerned, you doubtless are well informed. I am highly gratified to know that so large a number of our Utah boys are so self-sacrificing for truth as to sever home associations for a period of years for the society of strangers upon whose hospitality, under the blessing of the Lord, they are called to depend. Like yourself, many of these young men leave homes replete with life's comforts, to wander as pilgrims on the earth and thus to test the faith of this generation, and how must they feel when the present becomes the past, when it is chronicled in the history of eternal archives, whose infallible records will set forth the fact that, like the generation of eighteen centuries ago, they, too, have rejected the testimony of Jesus for antiquated systems which have not the power of endless life.

The present generation is on trial. Life and death are placed before them. Barring the awful, the eternal consequences which must follow the rejection of the preaching of the Gospel, the temporal effects, alone, are of no small moment. It costs something to reject a divine message in any generation. Babylon, Jerusalem and the cities of antiquity, in general, to say nothing of the Antediluvians, are examples of what it costs to reject divine authority. Take the Southern States alone, and in their midst, vested it is true, generally, in young men, is the holy apostleship of the seventies, identically the same authority which was vested in the seventies whom Christ, personally, sent into Jerusalem and the other cities of Palestine. In their hands is the power to seal up unto life and death, yet they carry glad tidings to every soul of man there. Now the day star of hope has dawned upon them. Tomorrow, speaking indefinitely, for we know not the time of the Lord, their star may go out in sorrow. It may be bathed in blood. So certainly as the past is strewn with instances of divine vengeance as a penalty for rejection of the messages of heaven to men, must the present generation feel the hand of vengeance in this their day of visitation, but we sorrow at the thought.

This generation will see the fulness of the gentiles, whose glory must fade as a flower in the sun if they "reject so great salvation." The sacrifices of the Elders are recorded in heaven, footsore and weary, how often they drag their slow length along. How often do they endure the scoffs and jeers of the world, its contumely, and, in some instances, physical persecution and even death, ostracised by men who are styled "the better class." How unpopular, with many, it is to be called a Mormon Elder. Thanks, however, to the wide-spread agency of the press a better understanding of what and who we are is beginning to prevail. The thinking class begin to learn that much that is said, even by self-styled reverends, concerning us is grossly false. Railroad communication is a great corrector of misrepresentation. Contact with a people does more to correct unfounded prejudice than all we can say ourselves. In con-

versation with a great Eastern scholar he expressed surprise that a system like the one we represent, possessing such vital energy, should be so little understood. He commented upon the decline of religious sentiment which is so almost universally apparent, and said that his hope lay in the prospect that some religious system of the future would give renewed impetus to the Christian religion, and said: "If that system was the so-called Mormon system, then, he could not do less than bid it welcome on its errand of hope and mercy to man."

I am glad that our fellow townsman, Brother David P. Felt, has been delegated to labor in the publication of a paper which is an expositor of the faith of the saints. He is eminently fitted by editorial labor and experience for the work. May the Lord aid him therein and may He bless you in your labors of ministry and love is my earnest prayer. Your brother,

Your Friend and Brother,

C. D. EVANS.

A Visit to Biltmore House.

By B. F. Hammond, Jr.

Hale, N. C., Dec. 29, 1898.

To the Editor of The Star:

One of the most interesting sights I have ever seen since coming to the south was the estate of George W. Vanderbilt, which my companion and I visited the 2d inst.

From Elders and friends I had heard enough of this place that I determined, if possible, to visit it. Right here let me advise all who may go through the south; with open eyes, to visit this place if possible and see what wealth and labor can do.

The estate embraces 30,000 acres of hilly land, five miles south of Asheville, N. C. The palace, christened "Biltmore House" is built upon the highest hill in that vicinity and, like the Salt Lake temple, is the most conspicuous object for miles around.

A very high wire fence encloses the estate, intended to keep in, or out, anything from a deer to a rabbit. The palace and several acres are surrounded by a high wall of stone.

The main entrance to the estate is three miles north from the palace at Biltmore City. Before a person can gain entrance the proper way he must get a letter of recommendation from some well-known citizen of the neighborhood and, in exchange, get a pass from the office near by. This will entitle him to take in the sights outside of the wall. One's business must be strictly personal to gain an audience with Mr. Vanderbilt.

I admire this rich man's choice of country to spend, at least the winter months. It is certainly an admirable place for one who wishes to enjoy good health and mountain scenery. When the improvements are completed, as he intends, it will surely be a fairyland.

Mr. Vanderbilt is a miser by no means; for he has spent in the neighborhood of \$15,000,000 already in his estate and at present is giving employment to 400 or 500 men on the place. The common workmen get \$1 per day. Thus he aids many a poor man with a houseful of hopefuls. If he so desired he could get this same labor from 25 to 75 cents.

One day Mr. Vanderbilt, dressed in workmen's clothes, procured a job

from one of his foremen and started to work, no doubt to see how things went on when he was supposed to be absent. At noon hour the conversation drifted on to Mr. Vanderbilt's wealth. A certain covetous fellow expressed the idea that Mr. Vanderbilt, to do right in the sight of God, ought to divide his substance with the poor. They soon figured up how much each person in United States would receive if such were done, and to the great astonishment of the covetous fellow, he received his portion and was told he could consider himself "fired."

I will not enter into detail in describing the palace and immediate surroundings for I was but a few moments inside the stone wall, having just passed through with a friend who worked on the estate, and besides it was hardly daylight.

No building that I had ever seen before equaled this one as far as pomp and worldly glory is concerned; for the few moments I gazed at it I wondered if I were really awake. It is built on a curious plan, the main feature is oddity. Its many shaped windows, large blunt pinnacles, from which a person can see eighteen miles west to another tract of 64,000 acres belonging to this same man, high steel doors and great archways, all bespoke of its curious workmanship. It is about 250 feet long in the shape of an "L" facing the east and south. In front, east, are a few acres artistically laid off for sports of various kinds. A costly bowling green and tea house join the palace on the south, beyond this, and the wall, is situated the green house, which, by the way, is a glass house full of green plants and flowers of many kinds.

The frost had frozen on the glass and prevented us from seeing fairly what beauties were inside.

Our friend told us plants in there had come from Australia, costing no less than \$400 each. Oranges are ripe on a few trees and the flowers were beyond my botanical knowledge.

His fine-bred horses live in a stable joining the palace on the north. Some may be a little surprised that he would have his stables so close, but if they would see the luxury and treatment those animals receive they would indeed be surprised. Some of these horses are worth more than some of our congressmen; for they get the best treatment human ingenuity can contrive and cannot be bought for twice the amount some of our congressmen can.

There are thirty-five miles of well-kept roads traversing the estate, each having a special name. They are made of crushed rock and twenty-seven men are kept busy keeping them in good condition for this "gold bug" and wife and others to travel. On both sides of these roads and walks many kinds of flowers, plants, vines and trees grow and surely a walk or drive over them would soothe and make happy the troubled mind.

The natural growth of timber, such as oak, chestnut, hickory, birch, ash, poplar, is fast being replaced by evergreens, mostly pine, so the entire estate will wear a summer garb the whole year round. What a pleasure to ramble through such a paradise can only be felt by those who have the chance.

Two hundred thoroughbred Jersey cows are kept and milked about two miles from the palace. Most of Asheville is supplied with dairy products from here, and it

seems anything with Vanderbilt's name on it is at a premium. He cultivates and raises all kinds of vegetables used on the table, which he disposes of at a good price to Asheville people. While he is aiding many by giving them employment; some of the leading farmers say they can't find a ready market for farm products as they could before he came to Buncombe county.

Mr. Vanderbilt is 26 years old, newly married and is said to be worth \$150,000,000. He is Episcopalian by profession and built, supports, and attends a neat little church at Biltmore City. His preacher's wish is to have, as far as money could get it, one of the most elaborate places of worship. I could not help contrasting my moneyless way of working for the advancement of the gospel and the way of this hired divine. Surely itching ears will heap to themselves teachers who will make merchandise of the gospel.

I never shall forget this visit, for it seems now I was dreaming. All dreams and pictures of fairylands and gardens of Eden vanish in comparison with that I had seen with my natural eyes.

I hope Mr. Vanderbilt may see the gospel in its true light for surely and honorable obedient Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is far more rich than he, with all his millions, without the gospel.

Death of Brother Gilliland.

Correspondence of Elder W. H. Petty.

Larkin, Ky., Jan. 10, 1899.

Editor Southern Star: Dear Brother:—We would be pleased to use a little space in your valuable paper to announce the death of Brother Earnest Gilliland, which will no doubt be of great interest to the Elders and Saints of the Kentucky conference.

Brother Earnest Gilliland, son of Brother and Sister J. M. Gilliland, of Larkin, Ky., died the 8th inst. at 6:15 a. m. after an illness of ten or twelve days. The cause of death was said to be typhoid fever. He was a promising young man, twenty years of age, and well respected by all his acquaintances.

He was baptized Aug. 21st, 1898, by Elder Alvin Ipsen, during our last August conference, and has been a faithful Sunday school worker since. The Elders will well remember the pleasant time all had at the confirmation meeting, which was held at his late home, at night on the lawn and under the trees; after which we had songs and recitations and finally bid the Elders, who were to return home, a good bye.

Funeral services were held on Monday at Mt. Zoar (Baptist church) which was obtained for the occasion. The meeting was called to order promptly at 12 o'clock by Elder W. H. Petty, presiding. The building was filled by relatives and friends who sympathized with the bereaved family.

The Larkin Sabbath school choir furnished the singing and Elder M. P. Brown occupied the time in preaching the funeral sermon and comforting the hearts of those who had cause to mourn, after which the remains were taken to the Boyd's cemetery, where they were laid to rest. Dedicatory prayer was offered by Elder W. H. Petty.

The weather was fairly good and a large crowd assembled at the grave to pay their last tribute of respect to the deceased.

We were called to administer to Brother Earnest several times during his illness, but it seemed only to quiet him for the time. He suffered but very little apparently during his sickness and passed away peacefully, and in good faith in the gospel.

During his illness, his younger brother, Garnett, was taken very sick with a fever also; we were called to administer to him and he was immediately healed.

The family remain faithful and acknowledge the hand of the Lord in their bereavement.

Brother Earnest leaves a father and mother, six brothers and two sisters, and a sweet heart, to mourn his loss. May the choicest blessings of heaven rest upon the bereaved family, who will miss Brother Earnest, is the prayer of your Brethren in the cause of truth.

Deseret News please copy.

Branch Conference—Virginia.

Correspondence Elder John E. Griffin.

Hewlett, Va., Jan. 9, 1899.

Editor Southern Star:—A very interesting Branch conference has just been held at Batesville, Albemarle county, Va., and we believe a few items will be of interest to many of your readers.

Elders Edward D. Jones and Alonzo Shirts were present, and notwithstanding it was stormy and very cold, when the appointed time came a goodly number of Saints and friends had gathered at the yet partially completed meeting house, anxious to hear the instructions the servants of the Lord might have to impart.

Two sessions were held each day and a peaceful, hallowed influence, only to be met in a gathering of Saints, prevailed. The Elders, filled with the Holy Ghost, spoke in power and plainness. Never before had they heard the voice of God whisper so loudly, "Teach the Saints their duties." All present rejoiced. The local brethren spoke well and, Sunday being fast day, many availed themselves of the opportunity of saying a word in defense of the Savior and His latter day prophet.

At the last session the Branch was re-organized and the following officers sustained: Elder Wm. S. Fitzgerald, president; Garret A. Wells, assistant; Samuel R. Kirby, clerk and teacher; John C. Wells and Walter C. Wells, deacons.

The general authorities, mission and conference officers were unanimously sustained and conference closed with an interesting address upon the life and work of the Prophet Joseph, by Elder Edward D. Jones.

The Branch is now fully organized and hereafter Sunday school and meeting will be held each Sabbath. All are determined to complete their new meeting house at an early date, and, by the help of the Lord, all will be Saints indeed—May God bless them in their noble work.

Joseph Smith says:

"The rich cannot be saved without charity, giving to feed the poor when and how God requires."

The Kentucky Church Burning.

By Elder George A. Lyman
Written for the Southern Star.

The Pleasant Hill church house had been in course of construction almost three months, and was near completion when the news came that our meeting house was burned to the ground. Elders T. Henry Blackburn, Lewis Bastain and myself were holding meeting in the school house, just a few rods from the church building, Sunday, Nov. 27, 1898, at the close of which we announced meeting in the new building for the following Saturday and Sunday. Elder Blackburn being very anxious to preach in the new building before he departed for his home in the west. The saints were making extra efforts to have the house ready by the appointed time. The news soon spread and all were anxious for the time to come, looking forward in great faith, to see our building completed. Many threats had been made by individuals as well as published in a number of papers to the effect that the Mormons should never have the privilege of preaching in their new building. Still we labored on sparing neither time nor means to complete the building of which we were all so proud. A number of the brethren went to work Monday and when their day's work was done, they left everything in good shape. On nearing the grounds early the next morning to finish their labors, to their great astonishment and surprise they found only a heap of ashes, in the place where our church building had stood. The news was soon circulated among the saints, and by noon a number of our friends had gathered around, trying to find out the guilty ones, but no clue was obtained. We can only say it was burned by some unknown persons, who, by such deeds, kindled the fire that may eventually consume their very souls.

The saints and friends had donated a large portion of the material including shingles, sleepers, sills, rafters, finishing lumber, flooring, ceiling, mouldings, nails doors and windows, etc., which were purchased at a cost of about \$200. The money was donated by saints and friends, the Elders also were quite liberal in helping the branch with their new enterprise. We expected to complete and have the building paid for by the last of January, 1899. Great credit is due the people for their noble efforts. The branch consists of a Presiding Elder, two priests, four teachers and about forty members. Many of whom have a great desire to gather with the saints to the west, thus probably accounting for the rumor that was published recently of a general evacuation to Utah.

The Blaine Creek Church.

The church building on Blaine creek was burned by a drunken mob, Sept. 18th, 1898, near midnight. This building was not so costly, but a credit to the saints under the circumstances. The house was built of hewn logs, being only covered, and a rough floor laid, to accommodate the Sunday school during the warm weather. Soon after the church house was burned, Brother John M. Skaggs, received the following notice:

"MORMONS! TAKE NOTICE!"

"Any person known to be a follower of Joe Smith, or a Mormon, is hereby notified not to give food, shelter or other aid to any Mormon Elder, Priests, pro-

phets or Diviners sent out by the Mormon church. You are further notified not to hold any meetings, public or private, of the Mormon faith and practice. Such person or persons as may be guilty of violating any one or more of the foregoing restrictions, if within the jurisdiction of this band, will be dealt with accordingly.

"Judge Lynch.
"Done by order of the band, Sept. 17, 1898."

In spite of threats, the saints held their Sunday school, Sunday meetings with no further word of molestation from the "band," until this capped the climax. We acknowledge the hand of the Lord in all things, and know the destruction of our church houses has resulted in much good. The work is prospering in this part of the Lord's vineyard. Our experience only proves the divinity of the words of Paul. "Yea, and all that will live Godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecutions."

VARIETIES.

President Pratt and Elder M. A. Beckstead from the South Alabama Conference passed through Chattanooga for home on Thursday. They both feel deeply elated at the prospects of meeting their loved ones at home, having been out thirty-two and twenty-eight months respectively. Elder Pratt has never seen his little 2-year-old girl, and Elder Beckstead expects to see his first son, aged 22 months, on his arrival home.

Elder W. G. Fisher writes:

About three weeks ago Elder Matheson was here spending a few days with me at which time we both received calls to the work of mutual improvement. The brethren in charge of the work gave us the privilege of laboring as companions and assigned us to the Weber Stake of Zion. There are six of us in the Weber Stake—Elder Matheson, our leader. We are much reminded of our labors in the south, as two by two from house to house we go, preaching the same gospel that Jesus preached and commanded His apostles to preach.

Salt Lake Herald.

Apostle and Mrs. Abraham Owen Woodruff spent New Year's day with the people of Heber. In the afternoon they attended services in the stake tabernacle, where the apostle was the principle speaker. In course of his address the apostle spoke of the church being obliged to issue bonds and said if the Latter Day Saints would be honest with the Lord and pay a proper tithing for one year the church could be freed from its obligations and the Saints themselves would be blessed of the Lord for complying with His will.

County (St. George) News.

The custom of honoring the old folks, that obtains in Utah, by devoting one or more days in each year to their enjoyment is a grand one, and is much appreciated by the veterans. To make their declining years pleasant should be a source of much pleasure to the younger people, and undoubtedly is.

President David H. Cannon has a sick household. His oldest daughter is confined to the house with a severe cold; a son about 16 years old has a broken arm, caused while playing during school recess; another son about 8 years old is suffering with rheumatic fever.

OUR CONFERENCE PRESIDENTS.

Elder Edwin G. Woolley, Jr.

The subject of this sketch, Elder Edwin Gordon Woolley, Jr., made his first advent into this world at Sunny St. George, Utah, on Sept. 1st, 1870, under the parentage of Edwin G. Woolley and Mary Lavina Bentley, daughter of Patriarch Richard Bentley, of the St. George Stake of Zion. His father being one of Utah's foremost citizens for many years back, having held a membership in several territorial legislatures and land boards, and is now in the employ of the state land commissioners. President Woolley is not without honor in his own country, having either held several positions of trust in ecclesiastical and other organizations. His business at home was that of a stock and mining broker. He also held a prominent position on the reportorial corps of the Salt Lake Herald and is the fortunate possessor of a wife and two beautiful children, whom he left for the gospel's sake on the 21st of April, 1898.



ELDER EDWIN G. WOOLLEY, JR.,
President of the Kentucky Conference.

and on his arrival here was assigned to the Kentucky conference. His ability for the position soon became manifest and on the 21st of August, 1898, he was called to preside over the conference, which position he has held with signal credit. By virtue of his skill as a correspondent and typewriter, he has been called to labor in the office.

Elder Woolley's home, at present, is in the 21st ward of Salt Lake City, Utah, where he has resided since about 1890, when he left his southern home for the busy metropolis where he could expand. Elder Woolley is an arduous worker in whatever he undertakes and in his positions, both as a traveling Elder and President, has made a humble and energetic worker. At this writing it is not known who will fill the vacancy created by his call to the office, but he leaves his two counselors, Elders John M. Bunker and George E. Miles, to attend to the duties required, pending the appointment of his successor.

Elder David Spillsbury, of the Eastern States mission, writing from Ittica, N. Y., sends greetings to the Elders of the Sunny South.